Def. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.
Em. Dismisse me?
Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We must not now displease him.
Em. I would you had neuer seene him.
Def. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.
Em. I haue laid these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.
Def. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.
Em. Come, come, you talke.
Def. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expresst her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?
Em. It is the wind:
Def. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you.
Def. No, by this heauenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.
Def. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.
Def. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.
Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for measures

sures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps,
such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pitty, who
not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch?
venture purgatory for it.
Def. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and ha
world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world,
might quickly make it right.
Def. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as wou
the world they played for.
Def. Good night, good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Actus. 5.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo,

Iag. Here stand behind this Bulke, straite will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the dead;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.
Iag. I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,